

The Tragedy of Hamlet

The Queen carowles to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poysoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

King. Part them, they are incens't.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queen there ho.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is't my Lord?

Ostr. How is't *Laertes*?

Lae. Why as a woodcock to mine own sprindge *Ostricke*,
I am justly kill'd with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She swounes to see them bleed.

Que. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke, the drinke, I am poysoned.

Ham. O villaine! ho let the doore be lockt,
Treachery, seeke it out.

Laer. It is here *Hamlet*; thou art slaine,
No medicine in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd, the foule practice
Hath turn'd it selfe on me; lo here I lye
Never to rise againe: thy mother's poyson'd,
I am no more, the King, the King's to blame:

Ha. The point envenom'd too, then venom to thy work.

Prince of Denmark

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends.

Ham. Here thou incestuous
Drinke off this potion: is thy
Follow my mother:

Lae. He is justly serv'd, it is a
Exchange forgivenesse with m
Mine and my fathers death com
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heaven make thee free
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched
You that looke pale and tremb
That are but mutes or audien
Had I but time (as this fell Ser
Is strict in his arrest) O I could
But let it be: *Horatio* I am de
Thou livest, report me and my
To the unsatisfied.

Hora. Never beleeve it,
I am more an antique *Roman* t
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let goe, by l
O God *Horatio* what a wound
Things standing thus unknown
If thou didst ever hold me in th
Absent thee from felicity a whi
And in this harsh world draw t
To tell my story: what warlike

Enter

Ostr. Young *Fortinbras* wit
Th'Embassadors of *England* gi

Ham. O I dye *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite ore-g
I cannot live to heare the newe
But I doe prophesie the electio
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dy
So tell him, with th'occurents